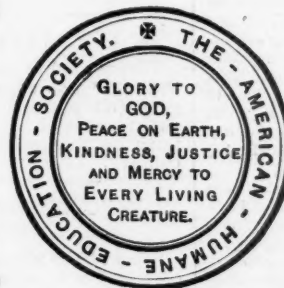


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 29.

Boston, July, 1896.

No. 2.



THE HORSE AS THE ALMIGHTY MADE HIM.

THE HORSE AS THE ALMIGHTY MADE HIM.

For this beautiful picture we are indebted
to "The Buffalo Horse World."

WHAT A MUTILATED CRUELLY DOCKED HORSE TELLS TO EVERY HUMANE PERSON.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one
straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one
straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths
of his fellow citizens who witness the
effects of his cruelty.

HE WAS A CRITIC.

A man walking down a Chicago street
came in front of a taxidermist's, in the win-
dow of which was an owl with other animals.
"Well," said he, "if I could'n't stuff an owl
better than that, I would quit the business.
The head is'n't right, the poise of the body
isn't right, the feathers are not on right, the
feet are not placed right." Before he could
finish, the owl turned his head and winked
at him. The crowd laughed and the critic
moved on.

The above reminds us of two opinions given
us in regard to "Black Beauty" when we
first began to print it, and which if we had
heeded, might have made a vast difference
in the circulation of that book.

No. (1.) An eminent publisher said it
wouldn't pay to print it, and No. (2) the Pres-
ident of a great American News Co., said it
would never sell.

We did not agree with either and so went
on printing it and it has now reached a cir-
culation of probably two millions copies and
has been translated into nearly all European
and three Asiatic languages.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE MERCIFUL VIVISECTION LAW WE ASKED LAST WINTER OF OUR LEGISLATURE.

Various letters received show a wide-
spread misunderstanding in regard to the
merciful law we asked last winter and

which the vivisectors with the aid of President Eliot succeeded in defeating.

We publish the exact law we asked as follows:

AN ACT RELATING TO VIVISECTION IN SCHOOLS.

Be it enacted, etc.

SECTION 1.—Agents of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, specially designated for the purpose by the Board of Directors of said Society, may be present at any experiment on or dissection of any live animal in any school or educational institution in this Commonwealth, and shall be permitted to witness the same; and the time and place of any such experiment or dissection shall, upon the request of any such agent, be made known to him by the person having charge of such experiment or dissection.

Provided, that not more than twenty persons shall be so designated, and that no person shall be so designated who has not received a degree of Doctor of Medicine from a legally chartered medical college or university having power to confer degrees in medicine in this Commonwealth.

SECTION 2.—Whoever violates this act by preventing any such agent from being present or failing to give any such agent information when requested as above provided, shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

VIVISECTION.—WILL SOME ONE?

Will some one kindly tell us about how many experiments on living animals have been made in Massachusetts during the past twenty-five years, how many hundreds or thousands of animals have probably been operated upon—what new discovery thus obtained has been made by any Massachusetts man, which is now used by physicians for the relief of human suffering, and the name of the discoverer, and date of the discovery, and where made?

No one in Massachusetts would be more glad than we to be able to think and say that in all the laboratories of our Massachusetts vivisectors and among their students there has been no violation of the laws of Massachusetts, enacted for the protection of those whom it is our duty to try to protect.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IT IS THE BUSINESS.

It is the business of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals to say and do for the animal precisely what the animal would say and do for itself if it had the intelligence and power to say and do it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SENATOR GALLINGER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Senator Gallinger writes us that he is being most severely attacked by the vivisectors for bringing before Congress the merciful law placing some restriction on vivisection, the petition for which, according to the "Boston Herald," was one of the most influential ever presented to an American Congress.

THE RHODE ISLAND MEDICAL SOCIETY.

We see that the above society petitions Congress not to enact the bill of Senator Gallinger "prohibiting" vivisection in the District of Columbia.

We have read the bill.

It does not "prohibit" vivisection but only asks that it be restricted.

There are lots of good, noble, and humane men in the medical profession—and then there are educated devils in that profession just as there are in all others.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the merciful."

WASHINGTON VIVISECTION.

Among the signers of the petition to restrict vivisection in the District of Columbia we find the names of six judges of the U. S. Supreme Court, a number of Bishops (including the Rector of the Catholic University of America), General Nelson A. Miles and a long list of notables.

VIVISECTION.

We are glad to receive from Hon. Senator Gallinger two copies of his report to Congress (154 pages) on "Vivisection." It is, perhaps, one of the most important publications on that subject ever issued in any country.

VIVISECTORS SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN.

Some of the vivisectors who are so severely attacking us in the newspapers and elsewhere [because we simply asked the privilege of selecting a few Massachusetts physicians, of good standing, who should be permitted to see the experiments they are performing in their laboratories on living animals], seem to have forgotten that only a few years ago we paid in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society" a prize of \$250 for the best essay that could be written in favor of vivisection and a similar prize for the best essay against it and bound the two together and sent them to every physician in Massachusetts and large numbers of physicians outside the State. Could anything be fairer than that?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRESIDENT ELIOT.

We see by the newspapers, (which as we know by experience sometimes tell whoppers) that President Eliot thinks that what is needed in America to-day is an Aristocracy composed of third generation graduates of Harvard University. Well,—we don't know—but we believe that the three most remarkable presidents in American history have been George Washington, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, the last of whom made a short speech at Gettysburg, which we think has never been surpassed by any college educated man in this country—and then again comes to mind, those great names in American history, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and U. S. Grant with a large following of other great men, who never had the advantages of Harvard.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MISTAKES.

What we said in our last paper in regard to President Eliot being liable (like other people) to make mistakes is called to mind by his recent words which so aroused Corporal Tanner and "The Grand Army of the Republic."

WE REMEMBER.

We remember reading of a very wise bird that once, in a moment of thoughtlessness, said to the faithful animal that guarded the house from burglars and incendiaries "Sic him" with the result that after losing half his feathers before escaping to his perch, he on second consideration remarked to himself, "Poll, you talk too much."

\$100,000 FOR VIVISECTION.

We see in the June "Harvard Graduates Magazine," that a Boston merchant has given \$100,000 to "the Harvard Medical School" for a chair of experimental pathology which is the first of its kind in the United States, and whose occupant will have a similar position to that held by Koch in Germany and Pasteur in France.

BISHOP LAWRENCE.

[From Boston Daily Advertiser of June 13th.]

"The suggestion that Bishop Lawrence's plea in behalf of vivisection 'in the interests of the advancement of medical science,' made in the course of his speech after dinner before the Massachusetts Medical Society, 'is likely to do more to calm the feelings of the sentimentalists on this subject than anything that has been said yet,' is a ludicrously unwarranted notion. Something a good deal more than complacent after-dinner speeches by complaisant clergymen at doctors' banquets will be needed to overcome the objections of 'sentimentalists' to the irresponsible, wanton and needless infliction of torture upon God's sentient creatures."

[We think that good Bishops, like other good people, sometimes make mistakes.—EDITOR.]

A PRAYER.

Some one sends us this printed form of prayer to be offered daily by those who do not believe in vivisection:

"O God, merciful and omnipotent, we pray Thee to protect from the barbarity of man Thine innocent creatures who are tortured in the name of science, vainly so called. Let the dreadful practice of vivisection cease. Send Thy Holy Spirit to search the hearts of those who do this evil, that they may become merciful, and so obtain mercy. We ask these things through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

TO THE QUESTION.

To the question whether vivisectors believe in prayer we answer that we do not know, but wish the whole business could be in the hands of those only who every morning and evening ask the divine blessing.

SOME ONE SENDS US.

Some one sends us a long article written by a vivisectionist in which he claims that a single human life is of more value than all the dumb animals in Massachusetts.

We think our police could point out in Boston alone hundreds of human lives of less value than the poorest horse that earns an honest living by daily toil in our streets.

PAINFUL EXPERIMENTS OF ANIMALS.

If it is necessary to perform painful experiments upon animals, they should in our judgment be performed only by men of the highest humanity—for a well known purpose—and the presence of some representative of our Humane Societies should not only be permitted but asked.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IF THERE IS NO FUTURE.

If there is no future compensation to animals for their sufferings in this world then is their lot indeed a hard one—and if there is no punishment hereafter to human beings for cruelty inflicted upon animals here how can we reconcile it with Divine justice?

But if, on the other hand, there is punishment hereafter for cruelty inflicted on animals here what a fearful account some vivisectors in Europe and perhaps many here will some day have to render.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to receive on this June 22d, a check of \$30 from a lady residing on Commonwealth Avenue, with a letter requesting us to use it in aiding our efforts to prevent cruel and unnecessary vivisection.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-five thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the 61 High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

TO CLERGYMEN WHO SIGN PETITIONS.

We read, the other day, an amusing story of a respected clergyman who was asked to sign a petition for a charitable object, [already appearing to be signed by several persons.] He signed, without reading, and a few days after was astonished to be notified that his petition for a license to keep a saloon had been granted, and on payment the license would be issued.

D. D.

We were recently asked to recommend a friend to receive from one of our leading colleges the degree of D. D.—[*doctor of divinity*—and we answered that we had made so many attacks on college rowdiness in that institution that our recommendation might do our friend more harm than good.

We could cheerfully recommend for many of its students another kind of D. D.—*doctor of devilry*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

YALE.

We do most strongly approve the recent action of the Yale faculty in determining to place the statue of their Ex-President on that part of the college grounds they have selected, without regard to the threats of undergraduates that if placed there it will be destroyed.

Let every one of the young men who have made these threats be promptly expelled.

Let them graduate only at the institution where they belong—the state prison—then the community will know what they are and be on its guard.

Our country in its present condition has no need of such men.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BACKBONE WANTED.

When that most eminent educator, Dr. Wayland, became president of Brown University he began expelling at such a rate that the trustees were alarmed.

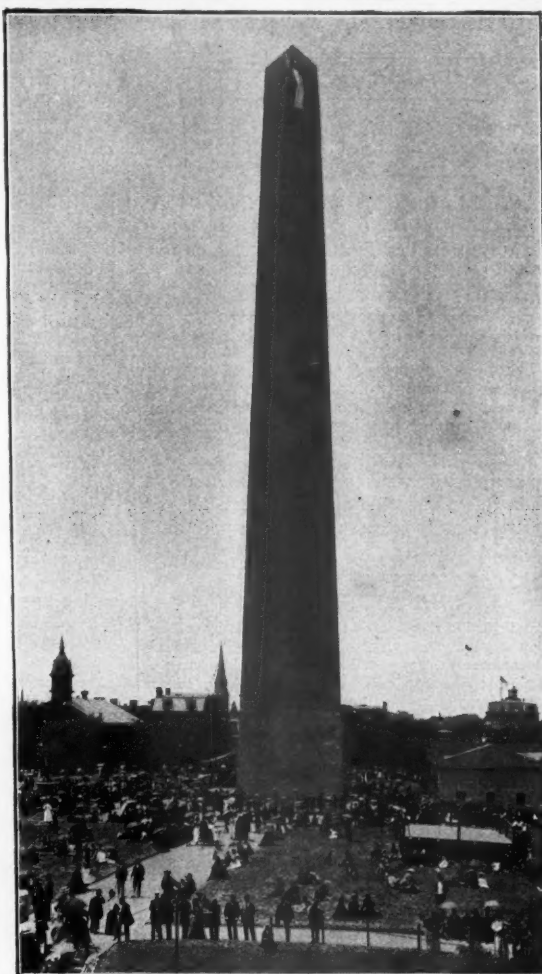
To their remonstrance he replied, "My resignation is at your disposal gentlemen at any moment, but if I remain here I am going to have good order in Brown University if I expel every student."

That is the kind of backbone wanted today in many of our irreligious institutions of learning.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OLE BULL.

When Ole Bull, the great musician who more than any other artist, made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph (for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy)—when this great musician—in a room looking off upon the sea, surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death the



Used by kind permission of Moses King.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

MONUMENT SQUARE, CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT.

ON THE SITE OF THE REDOUT THROWN UP JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

world mourned his departure. Sixteen crowded steamers fell into the line of his funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland.

Fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills, and it is said that when the great orator of the day began to speak, fifty thousand people on the hill-sides were in tears.

A GREAT ARMY.

We have caused to be formed in America over twenty-five thousand "Bands of Mercy."

Some single "Bands" number several hundred members, but suppose the over 25,000 average only 40, that would make over a million members.

An army officer tells me that 60,000 marching in single file would reach about 35 miles. At this rate over a million would reach about 600 miles, and marching ten miles a day would require about sixty days to pass a given point.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY.

We are very much gratified on this June 20th, to receive a letter from Ex-Attorney General Pillsbury, enclosing a check to make himself a life member of our Massachusetts Society.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, July, 1896.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges. In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and forty-one new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy making a total of twenty-five thousand four hundred and thirty-six.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

We are glad to be notified of the formation of another of our "Bands of Mercy" in Calcutta.

MIDYAPORE, INDIA.

We are glad to receive on this June 20th, an order for a great variety of our literature to be sent to Midyapore, India.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

We are glad to be informed that 5,000 copies of "Black Beauty" in Greek are to be distributed in the schools of Greece and probably a large number in Turkish in the schools of Constantinople and elsewhere.

INDIANAPOLIS.

On this June 18th, we are glad to receive a letter from the Superintendent of the public schools of Indianapolis, that they will want one thousand copies of "Black Beauty" for use in their schools. We have also sent 250 bound volumes to be used in the public schools of Haverhill.

PRIZES FOR COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

There is wanted in American Colleges and Universities to-day a new order of chivalry, which may properly be called "The College and University Legion of Honor."

The mottoes inscribed on its badges "For God and the Right."

Its pledge similar to that of the knights of old, namely, "I promise that I will endeavor in all places and at all times to protect the defenceless and maintain the right."

Its condition of membership simply an honest endeavor to carry out the above pledge.

Its object, to send out from all our colleges and universities men who shall seek to make the world happier and better for their having lived in it.

I shall in October offer in behalf of "The American Humane Education Society" to the student in each of two American colleges or universities numbering over 400 students who shall first found in his college or university such an organization with fifty or more members, a prize of fifty dollars, and to the ten students who shall first found in any other ten American colleges or universities such an organization, prizes of ten dollars each.

The certificates of the presidents of such colleges and universities that such an organization has been founded in good faith and is likely to be permanent will be the evidence required to obtain the prizes.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of The American Humane Education Society,
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals, and Parent American Band of
Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

A GOOD LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 8th, 1896.

My dear Mr. Angell:

It will be a matter of interest to you to learn that in the past few months in New Orleans sixteen hundred children have been formed into Bands of Mercy, who have not only taken the pledge to be kind to all living creatures but by the contribution of ten cents monthly are giving material assistance to the S.P.C.A. I know that the first step in forming Bands of Mercy in this city was through your personal influence.

A Woman's Auxiliary was formed in March and by the extension of membership and the forming of Bands of Mercy we have succeeded in putting new life into the veins of the Society. The board of the Woman's Auxiliary have promised to entertain the children four times a year in appreciation of their good work and on Saturday, June 20th from two till seven a lawn-party will be given in their honor. May I request that as you cannot be present at this gathering you will write a few lines of sympathy to these young people in their good work? I feel assured that they will appreciate it very highly.

Very sincerely yours,

MISS KATIE M. GORDON.

ANSWER TO ABOVE LETTER.

Please kindly say to the children that they belong to a great army of more than a million strong, and that the time is coming when the songs of our "Bands of Mercy" will be heard around the world.

With kindest wishes to them all,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TRINIDAD, WEST INDIES.

We are glad to receive from Trinidad on this May 26th, a remittance of \$42.65 with a kind letter and the following order: 400 Twelve Lessons on Kindness, 240 Black Beauties, 100 Band of Mercy Songs, 100 Service of Mercy, 1600 Humane Leaflets, 200 Band of Mercy Badges. It has been said that "the evening drum of England beats around the world." We look forward joyously to a time when the hymns and songs of our "American Bands of Mercy" shall be sung around the world.

Cases dealt with by our Boston Agents in May.

Whole number, 494; animals taken from work, 70; horses and other animals killed, 141.

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

We are glad to receive on this June 20th, a communication from Hon. Rufus Dane, President of the Mobile Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, showing the good and noble work being done by that Society.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

We are glad to receive from Mrs. E. Irene Rood of Fort Worth, Texas an account of splendid work being done in that state in the formation of our "Bands of Mercy," and otherwise.

OUR CARDS FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

Our cards for the protection of birds have been sent to every city and town in our State. If in any city or town they have not been received please promptly notify us.

"THE DEVIL ALWAYS MISCHIEF FINDS FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO."

Fashionable society about New York is taking up the medieval sport of falconry as its latest fad, and it may not be long before the cruel hawk will be swooping upon Massachusetts song birds, to return again to the wrist of its mistress with its prey in its talons. Then the quaint cry, "Hullup, hillover, hullup, hillover," will be heard on the country side, and there will be learned talk of "jesses" and "eyas" and "imping needles" as a new topic for country club tables. Already one club on Long Island has ordered from England a new of falcons. In this State it would be in direct violation of the law.—Worcester Evening Gazette, May 25, 1896.

DON'T FORGET.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage this summer, never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked-tails.

FOR HERDIC DRIVERS.

When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five cents over his fare for being so kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

BANGED TAILS.

A friend asks if it is not cruel to bang the tails of horses. [Namely, cut off the hair from the end of the tail.] We answer certainly. The horse wants in summer for his protection, all the tail the Almighty has given him, but of course banging is not so infernal as cutting through flesh and bone and so mutilating for life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FRESH GRASS FOR CITY HORSES.

We are pleased to learn from a Paris correspondent, that men go about the streets of Paris in summer, with carts filled with fresh grass, which they sell to horse owners for the benefit of horses.

Why may not the same plan be adopted by farmers or others in the vicinity of our large cities?

HE WAS PUNISHED.

SUNDAY, MAY 31st.—John F. Donahue, of Lawrence, Mass., beating his horse with a pitch-fork, had the pitch-fork kicked from his hands against the side of the barn from which, rebounding, one of the prongs went through a part of his head, producing paralysis, from which he is likely to never recover.

FROM PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, EVENING NEWS OF MAY TWELFTH.

What might have resulted in a drowning on Sunday afternoon was prevented by a big Newfoundland dog.

Little four-year old Annie Collier, when her mother was not watching, managed to slip from her home, in First Avenue, Riverside, and wandered down to the Passaic river, a short distance away. When she reached the Fifth avenue bridge she stooped over the edge of the river bank to pluck a flower, and fell headlong into the stream.

The current is strong and swift near the place and Annie was carried quickly down toward the rapids, a short distance below. Fully fifty men saw the child bobbing up and down in the water, but all seemed unable to aid her.

She was drawing close to the rapids every moment and her death on the rocks seemed to be only a matter of a very few minutes. Just then a man named Will Clark, with a big Newfoundland dog ran to the river bank.

He saw the little one's peril, and placing his face down by the dog's head, pointed to the struggling child.

"Go fetch her!" he cried and the dog dashed into the water.

To the spectators it seemed as if the dog could not reach the child in time, but it did. Just as she was entering the main current to the rapids it caught hold of her dress about the collar in such a manner as to keep her head out of the water.

Then it was a struggle for both the life of the child and the dog, for they had been carried dangerously near the edge of the rapids, but the Newfoundland after a hard fight against the current, landed its burden in safety.

Little Annie was unconscious and was revived with difficulty. She was carried to her home, and the dog, which belongs to Mr. Clark, was heartily cheered.

THE LITTLE DOG FOR THE BURGLAR.

From an article in the *Washington Star* on the ways of burglars, we take this:

"The greatest enemy this class of thieves has is the small dog that is allowed to travel over the house. If when they enter the dog happens to be up stairs he barks and alarms the occupants of the house, and as the thief approaches him he barks until he gets under the bed or some other piece of furniture, and continues barking until the thief either leaves the house through fear or because the barking dog has attracted the attention of some one in the house. Such a dog is feared by thieves more than a mastiff."

HER FIRST PATIENT.

Mrs. Dieffenbach, an honorary member of the New York College of Dentistry, gives us the following in the *New York Journal*:

"The first man who came into my hands almost frightened me to death. He was more than six feet tall, and broad in proportion. He wanted me to extract a double tooth. I asked him timidly whether he would have it taken with or without—(meaning gas). He replied, 'I always take mine straight.' After I explained to him that what I meant was gas, he said, 'Do I look like a dude?'"

I got him into the chair, and at the sight of the forceps he weakened. Finally, however, I contrived to insert a plug that put him at my mercy. By this time the perspiration was standing on his forehead, and he said, 'My heart is weak and the doctor says that pain is bad for my complaint; go gently, please.'

Well, I got the tooth out before he knew it and placed it on the table, when he cried, 'Say, I guess I won't have that out, it will hurt too much.' I extracted the plug and showed him that the operation was over when he remarked, 'Well, I'll be blessed!' only he didn't say 'blessed.' This was my first male patient."



LITTLE ANNIE AND THE BIG NEWFOUNDLAND.

A WORKINGMAN'S EVENING HYMN.

O "Son of the carpenter," daylight is gone;
My workshop is closed, my thoughts are now free,
The noise of earth's traffic is hushed in the streets,
And my heart and my voice I lift unto Thee.

I sing of the glory from which Thou didst come
To live in a cottage and work for thy bread;
I sing of the glory which Thou didst conceal
In a carpenter's son, 'neath a carpenter's shed.

How lowly Thy life! how simple Thy toil!
No temple or place emblazons thine art;
Thy kinsfolk cared not for Thy birth or Thy deeds;
Thy mother alone kept these things in her heart.

O "Son of the carpenter," now on Thy throne,
Reveal unto me Thy wonderful plan
For building an earthly yet heavenly life—
For growing in favor with God and with man!

I, too, am a toiler, unheeded, unknown;
I, too have a spirit which longs to be free;
O teach me to work and patiently wait,
While knowing my kinship with God and with Thee!

GEORGE H. FULLERTON.

We are pleased to find in the "*San Francisco Call*" on Sunday, May 3d, several long articles by both Protestants and Catholics, in regard to the immortality of animal souls, advocating the belief that they are immortal.

FAMILY SECRETS.

In the long bright summer, dear to bird and bee,
When the woods are standing in liveries green and gay,

Merry little voices sound from every tree,
And they whisper secrets all the day.

If we knew the language, we should hear strange things;
Mrs. Chirry, Mrs. Flurry, deep in private chat.

"How are all your nestlings, dear? Do they use their wings?
What was that sad tale about a cat?"

"Where is your new cottage?" "Hush! I pray you, hush!

Please speak very softly, dear, and make no noise,
It is on the lowest bough of the lilac bush,
And I am so dreadfully afraid of boys.

"Mr. Chirry chose the spot without consulting me;
Such a very public place, and insecure for it.
I can scarcely sleep at night for nervousness; but he says I am a silly thing and doesn't mind a bit."

"So the Bluebirds have contracted, have they, for a house?

And a nest is under way for little Mrs. Wren?
Hush, dear, hush! Be quiet, dear; quiet as a mouse.
These are weighty secrets, and we must whisper them."

Close the downy dowagers nestle on the bough
While the timorous voices soften low with dread;
And we, walking underneath, little reckon how
Mysteries are couching in the tree-tops overhead.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE TOUCH OF A FLOWER.

One, two, three, four! Mr. S., the shipbuilder, started from his seat at his office-table as the tall clock rang out the hour, closed the books that lay around him and crossed the room to an open window, through which the breeze from the river came up to cool the warm air. The noise of clinking iron and of workmen's calls floated up to him from the great shipyards below. His, all his—the piles of steel and copper—the unfinished hulks of many vessels—yes, even the great iron steamer so near completion, from whose sides resounded the blows of hammers. The workmen—a thousand or more—were his also, to work, to toil, to slave in winter's cold and summer's sun that his wealth might grow from great to greater year by year. What matter to him the noise and the heat? At the ship-yard gate his daughter waits in the carriage, and he would join her and roll away swiftly from the tumult and unsightliness to the coolness of the green parks.

Some one came in to ask a final order; in five minutes thus consumed Gertrude and the roses did their part.

"Thomas," said she to the coachman as she waited in the open barouche, fair and sweet to see in her summer toilet with the bunch of roses on her breast, "Can the men down there stop hammering if they're awfully tired or warm?"

"La, no, Miss!" answered the coachman, with an amused smile. "It's work day in and day out steady, or no bread for 'em."

Just then a tired looking workman came very near to the shining wheels as he half staggered back to his place among the others. Gertrude leaned forward, and before Thomas could enter a vigorous objection, her clear young voice was saying:

"I am so sorry you are tired! Would you like my roses?"

The young girl unpinned the bunch on her breast and held them, sweet and fair, out to the bewildered man. He took them with a muttered blessing.

"Papa," she said, a minute later, as they rolled away towards the boulevards, "I'm thinking."

Mr. S. smiled back at the earnest face raised towards his.

"When we go to Newport," she asked, a minute later, "what does Hays do with all the flowers?"

"I'm sure Gertrude I can't answer that; I suppose they bloom and die. He always has orders to keep up the house and grounds as well as if we were at home. Are you thinking of any of your pet-plants now?"

"No; I was thinking how many must be wasted in our garden. O, papa, could I—could I give them to the men? Not I, you know, for I won't be here, but somebody. That man was so glad to get the roses to carry home!"

Then the whole little story came out.

At first Mr. S. laughed and teased and called the whole thing impracticable, absurd, and told Gertrude to forget such nonsense; she need not worry her brain about the workmen. But the days went on, so did Gertrude's pleading go on with them.

"Just let Hays cut the flowers he don't really need, papa, and you get two or three of those boys that run the errands to give them now and then to the men when we are away."

"A pretty story for me to be giving my men bouquets!" said Mr. S.

Nevertheless, one day he did call Tim and Chips and Ben, three of the most reliable dock-boys in the yard, and sent them up to the great house on the boulevard with distinct orders to carry out the wishes of Miss Gertrude.

Twice a week all that hot summer, as the tired workmen passed through the gates homeward, the three boys, with many a smile and joking word, "gave out the flowers for Miss Gertrude," and many a blessing from lips unused to blessing fell on the head of the child away by the sea.

People said those flowers worked wonders all that year. When the mutterings of strikes and uproar ran rife through the land, all was quietness and peace at the shipyards. Perhaps there floated the sweet incense of those summer roses to quiet troubled hearts. The rich man himself learned the lesson as he watched the men start homeward with the bit of brightness they carried. He learned that all men, great or humble, rich or poor, can be helped to higher and nobler living.

MASSACHUSETTS LAWYERS.

We are assured and believe the assurance that there is no Society in the state of Massachusetts which has more friends among the lawyers than ours.

IS IT CRUEL.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman, in the same condition.

If to this is added *solitary confinement* without the company of other animals then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

STREET PAVING.

The object of paving some of the streets of our cities seems to be to use the kind of paving which will wear out the greatest number of horses, carriages, harnesses, and the nerves of sick and well people without being worn out itself.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Two or three years ago, one Sunday afternoon, a gentleman was walking with his wife, who was an invalid, in the great park which stretches for sixteen miles along the shores of the beautiful river just outside Philadelphia.

They were comfortable, middle-aged people, long past the period of romance. But they were childless, and as is often the case their hearts were tender with keen sympathies, and they gave to the poor and hurt of God's creatures the love which they had never been permitted to spend upon a child of their own.

As they passed through the thick woods and cool grassy slopes by the river, Mr. S—carelessly spoke of the tens of thousands of poor people shut up in stifling cellars and alleys, and wondered why they did not come out, as the Saviour did, to "walk in the fields on the Sabbath day." His wife did not answer, but seemed lost in thought. Presently she said,—

"Music would bring them!—sacred music. If there could be an orchestra here every Sunday afternoon, a good orchestra, that would play the old familiar hymn-tunes, which carry everybody's soul up to God, how much good it might do!"

Her husband looked at her, and saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"It shall be done, wife!" he said.

"I hope it will be done soon," she said. "I should like to hear it—once, before I go."

The next morning Mr. S—headed a subscription for the amount required. The best orchestra in the city was engaged, and on the next clear Sunday afternoon was stationed in one of the most beautiful glades of the park.

An hour before the time appointed crowds began to pour out from the city; men and women; old, bent creatures on crutches; children, and babies in their mother's arms; the poor, and ragged, many of them bloated from drink; the very guests whom the Lord bade us find in the highways and by-ways, and compel to come in to His feast.

There were many thousands, more than any church would have held, and of a class who, (conducted as many of our churches are now,) will not enter their doors.

At first there was confusion, but when the first notes of the solemn music were heard, the vast audience sat down on the grass and listened in reverent silence.

The dusky aisles of trees, the quiet, bright river, the blue sky overhead, and the strains which brought some old sacred memory to almost every heart, stilled and awed them.

"Old Hundred" was played, "Jesus, Saviour of my Soul," and then "Nearer, my God to Thee."

A woman, an old feeble black woman began to sing the words, in a trembling voice. Another and another joined, and then with one impulse, the whole mighty audience

sang together. The sound rose like rolling thunder towards heaven. There were tears on many a hard face that day.

The woman who had planned the good work was not there. She had been laid in her grave the day before. But is it too much to hope that she was permitted to hear that hymn?

THE CITY ELYSIAN.

Past the setting of suns stands the city elysian,

Unrevealed save to spirits anointed and free,
Which the chosen behold as a glorified vision
In splendor unveiled by the cry-talline sea;
The clear azure sea; the wide-flashing sea;
The wonderful, odorous music-toned sea;
That flows round the shores of the country of God
Which only the feet of his freemen have trod.

Its walls stand superb in the sunshine eternal;
Round its turrets in ether the cloud-billows curl;
Not a fair stone is stained with a shadow diurnal,
And each massy gate is a portal of pearl;
One lustrous great pearl; a bewildering pearl;
A glorious, fathomless mystical pearl,
That haunts me and taunts me with far-off delight,
In visions of day-tide and dreams of the night.

Its palaces fairer than thought ever fashioned,
Or sleep ever wrought in the fabric of dreams,
By faith I discern in a heart grown impassioned
And filled with a glory which into it streams;
Which down to it streams; refulgently streams;
From the height of their glory enchantingly streams;
Till I know they are there, and my soul seeks them there
As a bird seeks his faith's land through limitless air.

I dream of it often when sickness and sorrow
Pass over my spirit and scourge as a rod,
And fill me with longings for some glad tomorrow—
Some glimpse of that city whose builder is God;
Whose founder is God; whose maker is God;
Where the blest reign for ever and ever with God;
And then how it seems to grow nearer—so near
That the strains of its music break low on my ear.

And then as its splendors are spread out before me,
Enchanting my senses, alluring my soul,
What billows of rapture roll o'er me and o'er me
Till earth and its troubles from under me roll;
Beneath me they roll; far away from me roll;
As distant as east from the west is their roll;
And I seem like a child on the warm loving breast
Of a mother who soothes it and lulls it to rest.

Shall we see it? Ah, yes! for us it was bullded;
For us its foundations were measured of old;
For us were its turrets of ivory gilded,
Its battlements burnished with silver and gold;
With virginal gold; with yellow bright gold;
And metals more precious than silver and gold;
For us it is waiting, who wearily roam
As aliens afar from our country and home.

How often, God help us! far from it we wander,
Our bruised feet marking the way with their blood;
Of the joys of this life growing fonder and fonder
As if over yonder no proud city stood;
No bright city stood; no light city stood;
No royal, comeliest, white city stood;
While we who are heirs by a kinship divine
Are content with the husks and the huts of the swine.

—Springfield Republican.

The Medical Vivisectors.

The medical vivisectors say we must experiment either on human beings or animals.

Well—after experimenting several thousands of years on human beings it seems as though they ought to have found out by this time pretty much everything except the composition and effects of Quack Medicines, which in this free country nobody is permitted to know.

And turning to our "Chambers Encyclopedia" volume xii, page viii, we find they have been experimenting on animals also, perhaps thousands of years though "the barbarous experiments of Majendie Bruchel and others" and "the atrocities systematically carried on in the French Veterinary Colleges" are stated as of more recent origin.

Going out of town? Don't forget your Cat.

The question is asked us, "What is the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals*?"

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000 and sometimes it has been from 100,000 to 200,000.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH

In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. About 7000 Boston business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts Legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents. Boston Courier.

Our last edition of "*The Strike at Shane's*" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "*Hollyhurst*" 20,000.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our "*American Humane Education Society*"—gratuitously circulated by "*American Humane Education Society*"—write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.



SUMMER.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at Publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition 25 cents; mailed 30. Both editions cloth-bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

ONE THING.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ADIRONDACK ECHOES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM THE LAKES AND STREAMS.

Ex-President and Mrs. Harrison alighted from the southwestern limited at Utica, Tuesday, and took a train for their summer home at Third lake in the Adirondacks.

The bills which were passed by the legislature ostensibly for the protection of deer in the Adirondacks might as well not have been passed. When Ex-President Harrison last fall "floated" for deer with a jacklight in the prow of his boat, the country had brought vividly to its notice a method of murdering deer at night which ought to have stirred the legislature to some prohibitive measure.

Rome, N. Y., Sentinel.

Editor Angell of "*Our Dumb Animals*" should take cognizance of the fact that Ex-President Harrison is again in the Adirondacks.—*Bungor News*.

THE CRUELTY OF THE CHASE.

If our young readers were able to penetrate the hidden depths of some of our great forest wilds they might frequently come across sorrowful scenes, at the season of the year when the relentless deer hunter, with deadly rifle and bloodthirsty hound, pursues these noble animals of the forest to the death. The excitement of the chase gives no thought of the fright and pain these beautiful creatures suffer; yet, if the hunter stopped to

consider their distress and the very picture of anguish they often present, there would be less disposition to hunt them. There is no sport so fascinating to the hunter as the chase of the deer, and men and boys will go to any amount of trouble and expense to find them. Putting the cruel dogs out on the track of the deer, they will watch at the "water runs" all day long, with patience worthy of a better cause, in the hope to shoot their prey as it vainly seeks escape from the dogs by taking to the water. When the poor victim is at last slain, the exultant feelings will often give way to those of pity. A successful hunter thus describes his at the close of a long struggle with a noble buck:

"The excitement of the chase was over, and as I gazed on the wild, yet mild and gentle eye of the noble creature, now glazing in death, a feeling of remorse arose in my heart; I could have moralized an hour over the beautiful form as it floated on the water, and I almost wished to recall him to life. It seemed impossible that, a few minutes before, that delicate-limbed creature was treading in all the joy of freedom his forest home. How wild had been his terror, as the fierce cry of the hound first opened on his track! How swift the race down the mountain-side, and how free and daring his plunge from the rock into the wave! How noble his struggles for life! But the bold swimmer had been envied by foes too strong for him, and he fell at last, where he could not even turn at bay. The delicate nostril was relaxed in death, and the slender limbs stiff and cold."

Sometimes they escape the hunter after being badly wounded, only to die a lingering, painful death in the lonely forest.

TAME WILD ANIMALS.

Some of the people who live on the edge of the Maine woods have been betwixt the "devil and the deep sea," as the phrase is, says the *Leviston Journal*, with the game law on one side of them and the disposition of the protected animals to be neighborly on the other. Said a woman in the Piscataquis backwoods:

"A deer can be tamed as easily as any other animal and sometimes they are bound to be tamed whether you want them or not. A few years ago a young deer came out with our cattle and grazed around with them and came up to the barnyard at night. He didn't seem a bit frightened and I gave it some milk. It drank readily and next day wanted some more. I could pat it and fondle it as well as I could a cosset lamb. It stayed around with our cattle for several weeks, when one day a game warden came and said I was liable to a penalty for keeping the deer and feeding it. Then I tried to drive it away and the way he would come up in spite of my threats and attempts to scare it and coax for milk was pitiful to see. I had the hardest work to make him go away and for a long time he'd keep coming back to our place."

A similar case occurred in Portland last summer, where a seal came to a fisherman's boat and followed it for a number of days and would not be driven off.

These instances of tame "wild" animals remind a Maine gentleman of what he saw in Mayfield a few years ago. He was driving through that town, and at a place where he stopped, his hostess, a handsome young woman, asked him if he wanted to see a deer. Taking a dish with some grain in it or something of that sort, she went down the lane to the edge of the woods and stopped, calling in a low tone some name. Presently a fine large buck came out of the woods and trotted up to her as tame as any colt could be. He stuck his nose in the dish and nuzzled the food, while she patted his neck and talked to him. When she left him to come back to the house he followed her to the fence and seemed really anxious to go the house, too.—*Boston Transcript*.

What Col. Dennett, Editor of the *New Orleans Picayune*, says:

"They come and sing no more! Their wings, heads and whole bodies in countless thousands have been sold for ornaments to gratify female pride and vanity. We never see a lady's bonnet bordered with the car-casses or wings of the slaughtered songsters of the forest that it does not remind us of the coffin and the sepulchre."

I take pleasure in enclosing our check for \$10, being this Company's annual contribution in behalf of your Society.

C. S. SPENCER,
Manager Adams Express Co.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING OF BIRDS.

A TRUE STORY.

Much has been said on reasoning by animals. Of the fact there can be no doubt; of its nature too little is known. But I think less still is known of the emotions of animals. Take an affectionate dog; how he suffers from jealousy! Our little Prince was completely miserable if his mistress took the neighbor's baby on her lap.

Several times I have been eye-witness to emotions of a high order among birds—namely, sympathy with other birds in distress.

When a college student I was taken very ill in my sophomore year, and gaining strength but slowly, the doctor ordered me into the country.

I boarded at a farm-house, and gave myself entirely up to the woods and fields.

Through an entire summer I studied lovingly the ways of the birds and determined to raise some young thrushes and take them with me to my city home in the fall.

My selection was a nest of brown thrushes. It was in a thick mass of bushes in a swamp—an entanglement of wild growth, and almost impenetrable.

Every day I watched, from the eggs to the callow young. I resolved to allow the old birds two weeks; then I would assume the raising of the young ones.

At last the day came, and all my preparations were made. Taking with me a cage, I worked my way through the dense undergrowth. Very carefully I removed the nest, and was trying to get it into the cage, when the female bird arrived. She uttered a cry, almost a shriek, and disappeared, but returned immediately with her mate.

The two birds made a wild effort to drive me away, even flying at me, with every demonstration of rage and distress. Then, to my surprise they both left.

I now felt so mean that I at once set about putting the nest back in the bush; but it gave me a good deal of trouble, as I could not make it stay in its place.

What now? The two old birds were back, accompanied with a whole bevy of wild birds. The entire coppee was alive with them. They seemed bent on picking my eyes out. I had to screen my face by holding the cage before it.

As to these birds—their number, and variety, and conduct—all together, it was an extraordinary scene. It seemed to me there were at least fifty of these indignant little bodies, and perhaps a dozen species, some flying at me, and all making angry demonstrations.

There were brown thrushes, song thrushes, cat-birds, and several of the warblers. Such an uproar—mewing, shrieking, twittering and other cries, a babel of bird sounds! It all meant distress and rage. But such a mix-up! All talked at once. The one keynote of the discord was distress and indignation.

I got out of that swamp a wiser and a better youth. My conscience smote me, and my only solace lay in the thought that I had done my best to undo the mischief I had wrought.

The next morning I again went to the swamp to see how matters stood. How softly I worked my way through the bushes! How deathly still everything was! The young birds had gone. I did so want to know how the old birds had managed matters, and how it fared with the little ones.

That indignation meeting of the birds occurred a great many years ago; but the scene is still vivid to my mind.

One winter, just after a snow-storm, a bevy of snow-birds appeared near my house. I fed them crumbs, and they stayed with us several days. They got a little bold, even coming up to the kitchen steps to get their rations. There was, however, one exception.

A fence separated the old apple orchard from the house-lot, and I observed that one bird kept on the fence-rail, never venturing nearer to the feeding-place. To my surprise and delight, the reason of it was soon made plain.

The poor little fellow was lame of one wing; so he must not be too bold, as, in the event of danger, he must have some vantage for escape. So an old bird took him crumbs at every feeding-time.

But the most remarkable act in my knowledge of a bird in sympathy with another in distress was performed by a robin not two hundred yards from my house. It was a deed of daring, and in the highest degree heroic.

A sparrow-hawk had pounced on a sparrow in the street, and was bearing it away. A robin from his maple tree witnessed the act, and instantly started in pursuit.

High in the air the noble little fellow caught up with the buccaneer, and one could hear the short, jerky cries of the hawk as the robin was "pegging in" and making the feathers fly.

The hawk dropped his prey, and the robin returned to the maple tree, where he had left his mate. The sparrow made the best of time to get back to his kind.

Was not that nobly done for the robin—so brave and so magnanimous, too?

SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.

WHAT THE POETS SAY.

WHO IS THE SEA-BIRD'S FOE?

When hidden in the hollow of his boat

The practised marksman with his gun lies rocking,
And wheeling round with curious eye—you note
The hapless sea-birds to destruction flocking;—

When on hard rock, or crimsoned wave they fall,
And at the slayer's feet in heaps are lying,
And now for food their unfledged nestlings call
In vain—on yon bare cliff by thousands dying:—

By whom is nerred the sanguinary hand

Which spreads a cloud of woe o'er cliff and water,
And drives these living sunbeams from our strand?
By thee, fair sister, wife or gentle daughter!

You are the sea-bird's foe! You give the word
Their snowy plumes to plunder, not to cherish;
That you may buy—the murderer guns are heard;
That you may dress—the lovely sea-birds perish!

RICHARD WILTON, M. A.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

FROM PAPER BY J. HOWARD MOORE OF
CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

"A rich man will give millions of dollars to a museum or a university, when he would know, if he had the talent to stop and think, that the thousands who make his wealth work like wretches from morning till night and feed on garbage and suffocate in garrets, in order that he may be magnificent."

"As Plutarch says, 'Lions, tigers and serpents we call savage and ferocious, yet we ourselves come behind them in no species of barbarity.'"

"See that dainty lady going down the aisles of the cathedral! She looks in her silks and loveliness the very picture of purity and innocence. But look closer. Look at her head-dress! Those fluttering wings are the remains of song-birds whose beauty and joy once filled the woods and fields. But their throats were silenced and their beautiful and happy lives ended forever to amuse the vanity of this spiced and be-ribboned worshipper."

"We preach the Golden Rule with an enthusiasm that is well-nigh vehement, and then freckle the globe with huge murder-houses for the destruction of those who have as good a right to live as we have."

"Killing tournaments by 'crack shots' are the order of the day. Imprisoned pigeons, suddenly freed, are shot down without mercy. In many places rival squads of armed men scour forest and prairie, indiscriminately massacring every living creature that is not able to escape them, and for no higher or humaner purpose than just to see which side can kill the most!"

"It is simply monstrous—this horrible savagery."

"But as the ages bloom and the great wheels of the centuries grind on, all the races of the earth will become kind, and this age of ours, so bigoted and raw, will be remembered in history as an age of insanity, somnambulism and blood."

DON'T!

Don't tie your horse in the sun and leave him there half the day.

Don't put your bird cage in the sun; hang it in the shade.

WHAT RUSKIN SAYS.

If any animal deserves, as a reward for services to man, and as a compensation for days, weeks, and years of abuse—if any animal deserves a tranquil future—a glorious pasturage traversed by never-failing crystal streams of water—surely that animal must be the horse.

These views of animal pain and suffering, and the doctrine of animal soul, are deeply mingled with that of future retribution to man for cruelty to the lower creation.

Ruskin has eloquently said: "Can any man account for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he ever fairly looked at the fate of one of those beasts as he is dying? Has he measured the work it has done, and the reward it has got? Has he ever put his hands on the bloody sores through which its bones are piercing, and so looked to Heaven with an entire understanding of Heaven's ways about the horse? Yet the fate of the horse is no dream; no revelation among the myrtle trees by night. And yonder happy person who owned the horse until its knees were broken over the hurdles; who sold it to a cab owner as soon as it was blemished; yonder happy person with an immortal soul with peace and wealth on earth, shall this happy person have no stripes? If other things are, indeed, reserved for him, Heaven's kindness or justice might be in question therefrom."

HEREDITY.

We give a few extracts from a letter of a kind friend who has sent us many hundreds of dollars to aid our work, and who sends \$50 with the letter.

What we cannot question will be the inherited tendencies for crime and evil in the next generation, resulting from the scenes of agony witnessed in some of our American Colleges and Universities to-day.

"An English gentleman said to me recently, I knew a lad of extremely humane, manly nature, who at night in his dreams was haunted with thoughts of the dissections he had been obliged to witness, and when the time came for him to be present at the experiments in vivisection his very soul shrank from them. That shrinking however was overcome, and it was not long before he enjoyed these exciting scenes. The activities of his whole being were turned into another channel, and his noble nature underwent a fatal change in regard to deeds of kindness."

I am urged to write this by the momentous statement recently made by a physician [not an anti-vivisectionist] who is well known and respected for his cautious utterances.

Speaking of Claude Bernard [acknowledged by the world as the master of vivisection, whose ingenuity for novel and terrible experiments no one could rival], this physician said were he living to-day there is hardly an American University that would not be glad to have him take charge of its physiological laboratory and as a responsible expert direct the education of youth.

Toward what are our American educational institutions drifting?—God and humanity or something widely different?

A PHILADELPHIA FRIEND.

A Philadelphia friend sends twenty-five dollars to our American Humane Education Society and the following:

What shall we say of the Kindergarten education of violence and slaughter displayed on our streets at almost every corner, by "posters and colored advertisements." One can hardly walk a square without being offended by a picture of violence. Men with knives



"A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST."

uplifted over a fallen victim—men with pistols at the heads of others threatening death.

Fathers present their children with fire-arms and imitation weapons of life destruction, and then are amazed if an accident happens.

Is it any wonder that youths are educated into the idea of force and brutality, to right fancied wrongs? What becomes of the teachings of "The Master?"

"Do violence to no man," and "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

THE CANARY ISLANDS.

FROM THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SHIPBUILDER.

May 15th, 1896.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.,

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: I regret to learn that your statement that animals in the Canary Islands are inhumanely treated was only too true.

A friend of mine, an officer of a sailing vessel has just returned from there, and he says the manner in which horses and mules are treated by the brutal Spaniards is something shocking.

The poor animals are kicked and beaten without mercy, their galled shoulders and backs caused by the heavy saddles are heart-rending to see.

God bless you my dear brother in your grand and noble work.

Your friend and admirer,

G. FOSTER HOWELL.

THEY DIDN'T SPEAK AFTER THAT.

Mr. A wrote Mr. B that he wished he would shoot his dog that kept the neighbors awake nights with its howling; to which Mr. B replied that he wished Mr. A would smash his piano and shoot his daughter who kept the neighbors awake nights with her howling.

To which we add that no man should permit his dog to disturb his neighbors

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

SUMMER MUSINGS.

Down along the waves, white breaking,
In among the sand hills low,
Brisk and jolly,
Frisks my collie,
Bringing sticks for me to throw.

Ears erect, with eager motion
Springs she, ceaseless, to and fro,
Wet hair clinging,
Tail free swinging,
Watching for the stick I throw.

Sun-lit sails are softly going
Far away in distance dim.
What cares she for all this ocean?
To her notion
It is just the place to swim.

As she meets the rising billow,
On the shore I lie at ease,
Watch that breaker
Curl and take her
Rolling, tossing as it please.

Now she leaves me to my musings
While she digs amid the sand,
Sends it flying
Round me, lying,
Now she comes and licks my hand.

I can see my ship slow sailing
With another bark beside;
Through all weather,
If together,
Nought care we what storms betide.

Thus I dream away the hours,
Seaside fancies who can know?
Up trots Clio
With a trio
Of fresh sticks for me to throw.

L. C. W.

TO LOOSEN A DOG'S HOLD.

A certain means of stopping a dog-fight, or loosening a dog's hold upon anything, is showering something over the animal's nose that will produce sneezing. Be his will power ever so strong, the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaws.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|--|
| 25196 Dayton, Ohio.
Nineteenth District School.
No. 1 Band.
P., J. M. Ebert. | 25244 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Mathews. | 25298 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Crossley. | 25347 Providence, R. I.
Golden Rule J. C. En. Band.
P., Mrs. J. E. Allen. | 25390 Vernon Band.
P., Miss Ida L. Allin. |
| 25197 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Rundstock. | 25245 Rose Band.
P., Miss Brudling. | 25299 West School.
Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Miss Bridge. | 25348 Defender J. C. En. Band.
P., John Love. | 25391 Boesevum, Manitoba, Can.
Jr. Epworth League Band.
P., Charles K. Vrooman. |
| 25198 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss McQuig. | 25246 Lily Band.
P., Miss Reed. | 25300 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Vandyke. | 25349 Mishawaka, Ind.
Home Band.
P., — | 25392 Ahtanum, Wash.
Jr. Epworth League Band.
P., Mrs. D. W. Wise. |
| 25199 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Cavanaugh. | 25247 Violet Band.
P., Miss Hendrickson. | 25301 Mrs. Stowe Band.
P., Miss Bridge. | 25350 Uaquepaugh, R. I.
Usquepaugh Band.
P., M. A. Gould. | 25393 Waverly, Neb.
Waverly Band.
P., Amelia Warner. |
| 25200 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Clark. | 25248 Garfield Band.
P., Miss Grutor. | 25302 No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Shirley. | 25351 Mansfield, Ohio.
Fidelity Band.
P., Hazel Zellner. | 25394 Kansas City, Mo.
Sylvester Band.
P., Horace Sylvester. |
| 25201 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Herrel. | 25249 East Building.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mr. Jeffries. | 25303 No. 2 Band.
P., Mr. Vall. | 25352 Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Columbia Band.
P., Margaret L. Starbuck. | 25395 Indianapolis, Ind.
S. Calvary Sunday School.
Douglas Band.
P., W. E. Jones. |
| 25202 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Pagensticker. | 25250 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Bell. | 25304 No. 3 Band.
P., Mr. Smith. | 25353 Sprague, Wis.
Christian Helpers Band.
P., Ruth Fleming. | 25396 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Jackson. |
| 25203 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Jones. | 25251 Lily Band.
P., Miss Harlan. | 25305 Peoria, Ill.
Home of Blessing Band.
P., Mrs. Mary Truax. | 25354 Stockton, Cal.
Meadow Lark Band.
P., Edith Sherman. | 25397 Colored Home.
Lincoln Band.
P., Mrs. H. Agins. |
| 25204 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Sauer. | 25252 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Cooley. | 25306 Trufant, Mich.
Trufant Band.
P., Rev. S. P. Porterfield. | 25355 Falmouth, Maine.
Pleasant Hill Band.
P., Bertha M. Knight. | 25398 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Barker. |
| 25205 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Hoopert. | 25253 Miamisburg, Ohio.
Excelsior Band.
P., J. C. Conway. | 25307 Binghamton, N. Y.
Immanuel Band.
P., Mrs. Geo. J. Michelbach. | 25356 Brandon, Oregon.
Brandon Band.
P., Mrs. A. R. Scott. | 25399 Youngstown, Ohio.
Friends of Harmless Crea-
tures Band.
P., Wardle Vaughan. |
| 25206 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Reiszner. | 25254 No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Shoe. | 25308 Pottstown, Pa.
Pottstown Band.
P., Mr. Brooke Binder. | 25357 Eugene, Oregon.
Eugene Jr. League Band.
P., Jessie B. McClung. | 25400 Tuscarora Band.
P., Walter Barie. |
| 25207 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Wiedmann. | 25255 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Buckley. | 25309 Woonsocket, R. I.
Longfellow Band.
P., Miss L. Mowry. | 25358 Erwin, S. D.
Star Band.
P., Ada Larson. | 25401 Arcadia, Daryieling, British
India.
Calcutta Girls' School Band.
P., Emma L. Knowles. |
| 25208 Youngstown, Ohio.
Kind Heart Band.
P., Wm. Jenkins. | 25256 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Kean. | 25310 Protectors Band.
P., Miss L. E. Aiken. | 25359 Aiken, S. C.
Real Industrial Society.
P., Daniel H. Halyard. | 25402 Mansfield, Ohio.
No. 1 Band.
P., Anna Rettig. |
| 25209 Roxbury, Mass.
Junior League Band.
P., Miss Ida M. Jones. | 25257 No. 4 Band.
P., Mr. Lambert. | 25311 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss H. E. Read. | 25360 Nasonville, R. I.
Mt. Pleasant Band.
P., Frank E. Carpenter. | 25403 No. 2 Band.
P., Anna M. Proctor. |
| 25210 Canton, Ill.
Longfellow Band.
P., Abbie West. | 25258 Neverfall Band.
P., Miss Christy. | 25312 Happy Workers Band.
P., Miss L. M. Colwell. | 25361 Woonsocket, R. I.
John G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss M. E. Williams. | 25404 No. 3 Band.
P., Edith Hurst. |
| 25211 So. Bethlehem, Pa.
Central Band.
P., Elizabeth A. Dinan. | 25259 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Guye. | 25313 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Alice A. Cook. | 25362 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Mabel Aldrich. | 25405 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. F. C. Algers. |
| 25212 Dover, N. H.
McKee Band.
P., Francis McKee. | 25260 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Byers. | 25314 Abraham Lincoln Band.
P., Miss B. L. Greene. | 25363 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Julia E. Wixtead. | 25406 No. 5 Band.
P., Fannie E. Thomas. |
| 25213 Treherne, Manitoba, Can.
Live and Let Live Band.
P., Master Fred Anderson. | 25261 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Pettit. | 25315 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss S. L. Burlingame. | 25364 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss M. F. Smith. | 25407 No. 6 Band.
P., Maggie E. Richey. |
| 25214 Central Falls, R. I.
Working Band.
P., Mrs. L. Stevens. | 25262 Kindest to All Band.
P., Miss Schenk. | 25316 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss J. F. Hough. | 25365 Bright Star Band No. 2.
P., Miss Sarah M. Wales. | 25408 No. 7 Band.
P., Frank Jameson. |
| 25215 Lincoln, Neb.
Four O'clock Band.
P., Jessena Trompen. | 25263 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Bevenger. | 25317 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Miss E. C. Macclermott. | 25366 Monticello, Wis.
Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Ella L. Kilgore. | 25409 No. 8 Band.
P., Lulu K. Hall. |
| 25216 Columbus, Ohio.
Columbus Band.
P., Walter G. Richards. | 25264 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Rees. | 25318 Boyer Williams Band.
P., Miss C. L. Baker. | 25367 Uandilla, N. Y.
Union Band.
P., Gracie M. Potter. | 25410 No. 9 Band.
P., Dorothy Waugh. |
| 25217 Spencer, Iowa.
Spencer Band.
P., Agnes Gillespie. | 25265 No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Kindor. | 25319 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Minnie Beard. | 25368 W. Medford, Mass.
Whittier Band.
P., John L. Beardsley. | 25411 Hedges St. Band No. 8.
P., Bertha F. Settlemyer. |
| 25218 Kittrell, N. C.
Mortal Trust Band.
P., Miss Mollie Williams. | 25266 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Burnett. | 25320 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss H. C. Hilton. | 25369 Kamilchie, Wis.
Kamilchie Band.
P., Cora Duckworth. | 25412 Hedges St. Band No. 7.
P., Sarah W. Percy. |
| 25219 Middletown, Ohio.
Central Building.
Excelsior Band.
P., J. H. Rowland. | 25267 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Schell. | 25321 H. W. Longfellow Band.
P., Miss M. E. Hotchkiss. | 25370 Lawrence, Kan.
Unity Band.
P., Ernest Dewey. | 25413 Hedges St. Band No. 6.
P., Rebecca Ritchie. |
| 25220 Hiney Aubley Band.
P., Ira King. | 25268 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Stamm. | 25322 Star Band.
P., Miss Eva E. Battye. | 25371 Montpelier, Ind.
Montpelier Band.
P., Mrs. E. Harriet Howe. | 25414 Hedges St. Band No. 5.
P., Elizabeth Scott. |
| 25221 Clara Barton Band.
P., Miss Donley. | 25269 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Moyer. | 25323 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss E. F. Brown. | 25372 Youngstown, Ohio.
Youngstown Band.
P., John Probst. | 25415 Hedges St. Band No. 4.
P., Sarah A. Beale. |
| 25222 J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss Mills. | 25270 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Pansing. | 25324 Kind Boys and Girls Band.
P., Miss A. D. Degnan. | 25373 Provincetown, Mass.
Little Helpers Band.
P., Alice J. Proctor. | 25416 Hedges St. Band No. 3.
P., Lenora B. Horn. |
| 25223 Louise Alcott Band.
P., Miss Harlan. | 25271 St. Joseph's School.
St. Joseph's Band.
P., Sister Mary Maxentia. | 25325 Woonsocket Protect'n Band.
P., Miss H. M. Allen. | 25374 Youngstown, Ohio.
Sunshine Band.
P., Myrtle Philis. | 25417 Marion Ave. Band No. 1.
P., Flora B. Lentzy. |
| 25224 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Gosa. | 25272 St. Mary's School.
St. Mary's Band.
P., Sister Mary Metrona. | 25326 Friendship Band.
P., Miss E. F. Brown. | 25375 Golden Rule Band.
P., Paul Greenwood. | 25418 Marion Ave. Band No. 2.
P., Alice J. Proctor. |
| 25225 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Hoover. | 25273 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., J. P. Sharkey. | 25327 Busy Bees Band.
P., Miss M. E. Darling. | 25376 Faithful Band.
P., Annie Dyer. | 25419 Marion Ave. Band No. 3.
P., Mary Statler. |
| 25226 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Metzler. | 25274 Bryant Band.
P., Mr. Eikenbary. | 25328 Hammond, N. J.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Mildred Rundall. | 25377 Columbus Band.
P., Howard Sedwick. | 25420 Marion Ave. Band No. 4.
P., Harriet E. Haynes. |
| 25227 Love Winners Band.
P., Miss Butler. | 25275 Anti Brutality Band.
P., Mr. Spacht. | 25329 Keuka College, N. Y.
Keuka College Band.
P., Mrs. L. L. Stevens. | 25378 Little Helpers Band.
P., Wm. Hartley. | 25421 No. 10 Band.
P., Annette Smith. |
| 25228 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Zeller. | 25276 Protector Band.
P., Miss Kaylor. | 25330 Stockbridge, Mass.
Little Workers Band.
P., Master Willie Burns. | 25379 Star Band.
P., Carl Creed. | 25422 No. 11 Band.
P., Adeline Underwood. |
| 25229 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Stage. | 25277 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Charles. | 25331 Youngstown, Ohio.
Youngstown Band.
P., Mrs. M. A. Mead. | 25380 W. Oneonta, N. Y.
Oneonta Band.
P., Mrs. Jessie Cook. | 25423 No. 12 Band.
P., Rebecca Grublauch. |
| 25230 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Thornton. | 25278 Golden Rule Band No. 2.
P., Miss Tingle. | 25332 Marshfield, Oregon.
Pansy Band.
P., Miss Nellie Tower. | 25381 Wood Lake, Minn.
Wood Lake Band.
P., John L. Smith. | 25424 No. 13 Band.
P., Mae Webber. |
| 25231 General Grant Band.
P., Miss Nuss. | 25279 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Pogue. | 25333 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Bertha Frey. | 25382 Youngstown, Ohio.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Maudie Vaughn. | 25425 No. 14 Band.
P., Louise M. Thompson. |
| 25232 South Building.
Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Alice E. Wenton. | 25280 Little Defenders Band.
P., Miss Banta. | 25334 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Julia Braden. | 25383 Milaca, Minn.
Ernest Workers Band.
P., David E. Johnson. | 25426 No. 15 Band.
P., Caroline Lampert. |
| 25233 Miami Valley Band.
P., Miss Schenck. | 25281 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Jennings. | 25335 Riverton, Oregon.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Carrie Kinnicut. | 25384 Albion, Mass.
Vandermeer Band.
P., Edward S. Clark. | 25427 No. 16 Band.
P., Ida L. Filger. |
| 25234 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Bawzhof. | 25282 Golden Rule Band No. 3.
P., Miss Lockwood. | 25336 Hull, Iowa.
Dumb Animal Band.
P., Mae E. Ward. | 25385 Warren, R. I.
Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Hanrahan. | 25428 No. 17 Band.
P., Mary Trimble. |
| 25235 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Robinson. | 25283 Robin Band.
P., Miss Pressler. | 25337 Woonsocket, R. I.
Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss H. L. Brown. | 25386 Wide Awake Band.
P., Annie C. Collins. | 25429 Asheville, N. C.
Hebrew S. School Band.
P., Helen Morris Lewis. |
| 25236 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Mull. | 25284 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Mahoney. | 25338 John G. Whittier Band.
P., Mr. E. S. McFee. | 25387 Sovams Band.
P., E. P. Collins. | 25430 Manchester, Me.
Endeavor Band.
P., Effie Cram. |
| 25237 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Elmes. | 25285 No. 1 Band.
P., L. D. Brouse. | 25339 Defender Band.
P., Miss H. A. Allen. | 25388 Warren Kindness Band.
P., Mrs. Mary E. Cole. | 25431 Woonsocket, R. I.
Faithful Band.
P., Miss A. E. Fuller. |
| 25238 Neverfall Band.
P., Miss Palmer. | 25286 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Ware. | 25340 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss E. G. Cook. | 25389 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss Ida Allen. | 25432 Buay Bees Band.
P., Miss Harriet B. Scott. |
| 25239 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Beard. | 25287 No. 3 Band.
P., Geo. R. Eastman. | 25341 Kind Words & Deeds Band.
P., Miss C. M. Balcom. | 25433 We'll Try Band.
P., Miss M. P. McPartlin. | 25434 Our Aim to Help Band.
P., Miss I. G. Thayer. |
| 25240 North Building.
Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Bevenger. | 25288 Franklin, Ohio.
Central School.
Longfellow Band.
P., F. G. Cromer. | 25342 Lincoln Band No. 2.
P., Miss C. H. Jenckes. | 25435 Lincoln No. 2 Band.
P., Miss J. P. Chase. | 25436 Animal Friends Band.
P., Miss Carrie L. Miller. |
| 25241 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Mueller. | 25289 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss Sharts. | 25343 U. S. Grant Band No. 2.
P., Miss B. L. Bradford. | | |
| 25242 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Shear. | 25290 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Mier. | 25344 I'll Try Band No. 2.
P., Miss G. L. Hamlett. | | |
| 25243 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Helvig. | 25291 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Barklow. | 25345 Be Kind to All Band.
P., Miss S. B. Hill. | | |
| | 25292 Columbus Band.
P., Miss Cather. | 25346 L. S. Woodworth C.E. Band.
P., Wm. Mixer. | | |
| | 25293 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Becker. | | | |
| | 25294 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss McCarthy. | | | |
| | 25295 Star Band.
P., Miss Carpenter. | | | |
| | 25296 South School.
Canary Band.
P., Miss Kimball. | | | |
| | 25297 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Adams. | | | |

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE—THAT
BABY.

There was a baby in a railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked about in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride in the cars. Then, as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned, but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said: "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and when she turned back, she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time, business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls, and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. *He had failed to notice the baby.* The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chuckled the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he in playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck, and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

WHAT IS WEALTH?

By suggestion of one of our exchanges we reprint this from a back number:

Does wealth consist in money, houses, lands, bank stocks, railroad bonds, etc., alone?

We think not. The young man starting in life with no money, but with good digestion, good sleep, good health and ability to work in some profitable employment, has what the aged capitalist would be glad to exchange all his millions for.

What compensation is money for sleepless nights and painful days, or the misconduct of dissipated children?

What brings the greater happiness—the glitter, show, jealousies and falsity of fashionable life, or the heartfelt friendships which prevail so largely in the homes of the industrious poor?

In how many of the palaces of our millionaires will you find greater happiness in the parlor than in the kitchen?

How many millionaires will tell you that they are happier now than when starting in life without a dollar?

On the tops of mountains we find rocks,

and ice, and snow. It is down in the valleys that we find the vineyards.

Let no man envy those richer than himself until, taking all things into account—age, health, wife, children, friends—he is sure he would be willing to exchange.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CRUELTY OF THE
SEA HUNTERS.

The seals we killed either with guns or pikes. There is very little sport attached to seal-hunting, especially in Antarctic waters, as the seals there are tame through ignorance of man's bloodthirstiness. Generally they were asleep when we approached, and many of them died without having seen their murderers. But, as a rule, the slaughter and skinning of the seal were most barbarous, bloody and hideous—unnecessarily so. Especially cruel is the task when seal-pikes are used. Only rarely does a seal die from one or two blows of the pike, and if it is not dead it is generally considered "all the better," for it is easier to skin a seal while it is half alive. In the utmost agony the wretched beast draws its muscles away from the sharp steel which tears away its skin, and thus assists in parting with its own coat.

—*The Century.*
[The remedy is *The Bands of Mercy* of our American Humane Education Society.

EDITOR.]

CATS ARE NOT SELFISH.

The domestic cat is said to have affection for places and not for persons. I am strongly inclined to think that this is a misapprehension. As a schoolboy I had a pet cat which would follow me to school just like a dog, and, remaining in the shrubberies around, would wait to return with me. My father at one period always returned home from his duties at a certain hour in the evening. This cat would wait for him at a certain point in the road, and as soon as he approached would spring out, gambol a little round him and then trot a yard or two in front of him for the quarter of a mile between the meeting point and home.

Later in life I had a cat which accompanied my family during three removals. On each occasion he was carried in the arms through the open road from the old house to the new one. Not once did he desert us or return to the former dwelling.

My experience is that the cat is far from being the selfish creature many suppose it to be. — *Chicago Times.*

TO COOL A BEDROOM.

If the sleeping-room is warm, it may be cooled for a time by wringing large pieces of cotton out of water and hanging them before the open doors and windows, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*. This is a good device for cooling a sickroom; the cloth can then be wet again and again.

When President Garfield was assassinated and suffering at the White House terribly with the heat, we telegraphed his private secretary to have cloths soaked in ice water hung across his room, which was promptly done to his great relief.

EDITOR.

BEAUTIFUL JOE.

We are beginning to have considerable orders for "Beautiful Joe" to be used in public schools.



Used by kind permission of the *Bostonian*.

TORTOISESHELL, AND WHITE-AND-BLACK KITTENS.

A LARGE FORTUNE FOR SOME
DOCTOR.

A large fortune awaits the doctor who shall discover and patent some invention which, properly covering the ears, will shut out noises from those wanting sleep.

FROM THE EDITOR OF EVERY
OTHER SUNDAY.

"Your work is of the noblest kind as *'Every Other Sunday'* has frequently testified.

We receive your paper regularly and I always read it through. With all good wishes,"

EDWARD A. HORTON.

"*Our Dumb Animals*," published at Boston, should be in the hands of every teacher. — *Indiana School Journal.*

WHY?

Why do you sign so many of your editorials Mr. Angell?

Answer: For reasons which we have several times stated in past numbers of this paper and which are entirely satisfactory to ourself and our friends.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Receipts from Donations and Sales by the American Humane Education Society in May.

A friend, \$50; Miss Sarah K. N. Davidson, \$25; Mrs. E. M. Bowen, \$10; Miss D. L. Turner, \$2; Mrs. John Woodward, \$8; Public School Pub. Co., \$5; Miss S. J. Eddy, \$80.98; Wm. J. Hall, Supt., \$5.60; Baker & Taylor Co., \$8.23; Miss E. E. Page, \$6; Trinidad S. P. C. A., \$12.

All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$23.90.

Receipts by M. S. P. C. A. in May.

Fines and witness fees \$60.07.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss C. M. Lamson, \$50; Mrs. S. E. Westcott, \$25; Mrs. E. M. Bowen, \$10; Mrs. C. McCully, \$10; Miss Eleanor J. Clark, \$10; Miss Ann Slater, \$4.83; Mrs. C. H. Williams, \$3; Naumkeag Clothing Co., \$2.50; J. N. Nutter, \$1.50; Brockton Times, \$1.50; Mrs. F. A. Langmaid, \$1.50; Mrs. J. H. Langmaid, \$1.50; Geo. E. Jones, \$1.50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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